

# Where We Wanna

C-Murder

Tell it.  
Tell it.  
Let em know.  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Talk how you wanna talk, hang where you wanna hang  
Slang where you wanna slang, Goodie Mob and C-Murder man x2

A soldier out that N.O. camp  
Meets the Goodreese, Gods finest cause he don't make no trash  
Pop us in your CD changer when you mash  
Exemplery, brothers droppin brothers like the white man  
Shoot street, we won't, so get back  
Big gats spray and get no work when he on the porch smokin crack  
Why girls wanna be Satan to the niggas incarcerated, I got one love  
Cause I can't get no where hatin, the funk I will not be rakin  
Uh, I know one nigga that met his match, cakin  
I'm not goin tell you how to live your life, boy you bakin

Bitch I'm a runnin all through you, you's a PT nigga  
Cause we run with TRU niggas, all about them dollar figures  
Ready to take the war, mafia said go get em  
Hair growin long, my hunger pain got my game goin strong  
From the Twats to the Third Ward  
Shippin them tens across the board like keys  
Blowin D's all the way down to New Orleans  
Baton Rouge, have you blues, don't snooze  
Or you might lose your life caught up in the fight

Slugs and thugs go together like pumps and trunks  
Ready to dump, yo, laid back, crunk  
Blowin like king jumpin hoggin in the 99's  
Sizzlin out my f\*\*kin face, jumpin out your polo's  
Back up in the blunts birds, flip flop to the rolls elbows  
With the look, down here, rushin all up on the curb  
Good bye night please, what you think  
Murder can a nigga get up in a tree

Goodie Mob, real mail, A-T-L, where them killas dwell  
Southside niggas pushin motherf\*\*kin platinum figures  
That many bitches wanna roll with us  
But like the weed with no seed we just roll em up  
Beats By The Pound ain't No Limit, Goodie Mob and Murder man like Jackie Cha  
n  
Hittin hard and pushin weight by the sound  
You hit the I-10 and head west or we'll test  
Cause down in Twats, f\*\*k the cops, killas packin glocks  
Lo and Gipp never trip, we goin sank a nigga ship  
T-Mo and Khujo in a motherf\*\*kin studio  
And gettin crunk, bumpin in a trunk  
And rap when I wanna rap so where my real niggas at

Oh Lord I'm Sugar Sugar please, take it easy heeze  
Already beat him to his knees, he goin give you your cheese  
Talkin bout the day ?? your tippin the scale  
I work your ass like a woman, make you sale your tale  
Throw your ass on the stove and repay you there

I'm a let C-Murder make your t-shirt wet  
I'm a bet, hot enough to make the concrete sweat  
f\*\*k with me the wrong way and know you'll never forget